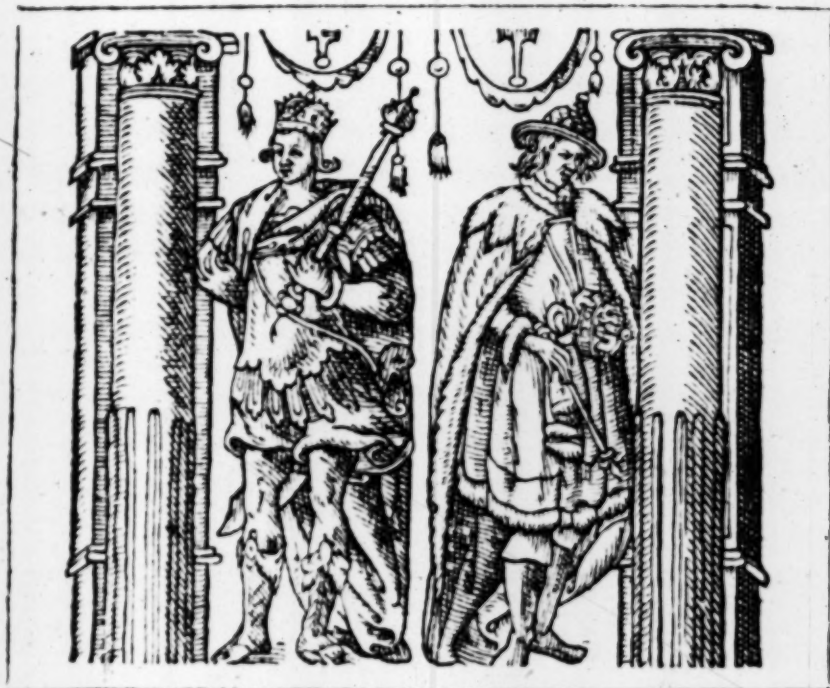


THREE
PASTORAL
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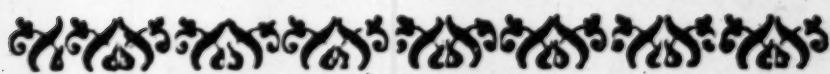
of

Anander, Anctor, and Muridella.

By William Bas.



Printed by V. S. for I. B. and are to be sold at his shop in
Fleet-street, at the signe of the great Turkes
head. 1602.



*To the Honourable and Virtuous
Lady, the Lady Tasburgh.*



*I*f your Ladyship hath not before this time very iustly expected the best Office of my Muse, it is now time for me to be voluntarily ashamed, that you should so long forbear the use of so many honourable encouragements. But (alas) finding my abilitie too little to make the meanest satisfaction of so great a Principall as is due to so many fauourable curtesies, I am bold to tender your Ladyship this unworthy Interest, wherewithall I will put in good securitie, that as soone as Time shall relieue the necessitie of my young inuention, I will disburse my Muse to the uttermost mite of my power, to make some more acceptable composition with your bounty: In the meane space, lining without hope to be euer sufficient enough to yeeld your Worthinesse the smallest halfe of your due, I doe onely desire to leaue your Ladyship in assurance,

That when encrease of Age and Learning, sets
My Minde in wealth's state then now it is,
He pay a greater portion of my debts,
Or mortgage you a better Muse then this,
Till then, no kinde forbearance is amisse,
While, though I owe more then I can make good,
This is enough, to shew how faine I woo'd.

Your Ladiships in all humblenes,

Willam Bas.

A 3

To



To the Reader.

REade one, and say, tis good: I beare the name:
Reade one, and say, tis ill, I beare the shame:
If thou sayst, good, and think' st it too in heart,
Sweetely farewell, no matter who thou art:
If thou sayst, meane, thou iudgest like a frend,
I would be so, because I meane to mend:
If thou sayst, ill, and doost in heart dispraise it,
I yeeld not till I know a Wiseman saies it.
Thus quit me, or condemne me, Ile not grudge,
So that I know a foolc be not my Iudge.

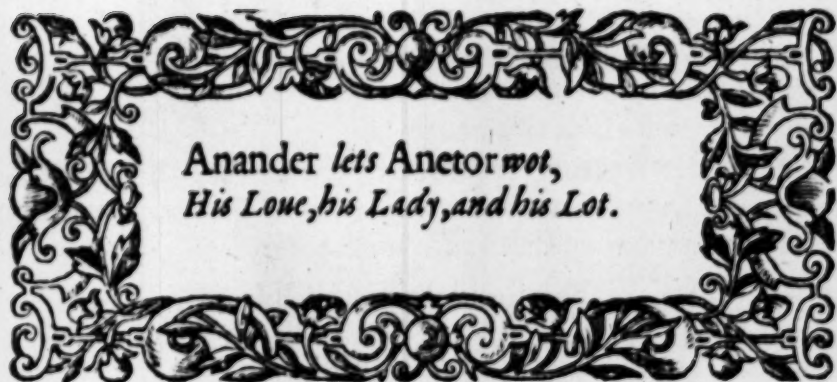
Yours, William bas.



A Shepheards youth dwelt on the plaines,
That passit the common sort of Swaines,
By how much had himselfe before
Beene nursed up in Collins lore,
Who, while his flocke ybent to stray,
Glad of the Sunne-shine of the day,
Wanderd the field, and were abroade dispers'd,
He tooke his Pipe and sate him downe and vers'd.

Anander

Elegie I.



Anander lets Anetor wot,
His Loue, his Lady, and his Lot.

A Ciuill Youth, whose life was led in Court,
In Court, the place of all Ciuilities
Who lou'd no riot, tho delighted sport,
Such sport as with such place might well agree
To giue him credite, by a true report:
The only glory of his time was hee:
For (mote I sweare,) the gentry of his kind,
Was fairely match'd with gentlenes of mind.

His personage, a thing for Gods to tell,
Whose wits can reach, beyond the reach of Muscs,
Diuine proportion in his limmes did dwell,
Eye-wonder'd feature did his visage vse:
He was (as may the wiser tell,)
For Ladies choice. (if Ladies list to chuse:)
If not, what helpe? the weaker his successe,
Though his perfections be nothing lesse.

His birth was great, his bloud the nobler then,
His thoughts (no doubt) the worthier by his blouds
And his desires, though somewhat like to men,
Yet as his thoughts (I guesse) were faire and good:
And for his loues, none knew them but him sen,
And that faire she, on whom their fortune stood:
Yet did he often plaine of ill succeed,
The hotter loue, sometime the colder speed.

And

William Bas

And in his passions, (for I must needs breake
Into some speech of him, and his mis-lot;)
He vnto me, as whom he lou'd, did speake
The cleare discou'rie of his eager plot
In gracefull termes, and yet the best too weake,
To tell his thoughts sufficiently (God wot:)
That I should often stand and weepe to see,
His griefes more copious, then his language bee.

First did he lay his fine vnswarfed hand
Vpon my shoulder, close vnto my necke;
And then for twentie minutes did he stand,
As one that spar'd to speake, in feare of checke:
Then sighs, then speakes, but speakes words three times scand,
As if he durst not trust his tongues defect:
Lest in his woes, his woes might seeme to bite,
Th'vnfriendly dealings of his hearts delight.

Shepheard (quoth he) and giu's me one faint smile,
That signifi'd a long-sustained wrong;
Suffer a Courtier to record a stile,
More zealous then the *Thracian* widow's song:
When he in his immortall Musicks guile,
Besought the freedome of his wife so long:
With pittie marke the treatize of my ruth,
The like hereafter may befall thy youth.

Meane while, the childhood of thy younger wit,
That neuer did more then thy flocks regard;
Shall haue a stronger cause to wonder it.
Then those that like my haples selfe hath car'd:
While I, ne vowes, ne circumstance omit
Of those mishaps, wherein I haue bene snar'd:
Vnder the leaue (sweet boy) of thy forbearing,
An elders griefe profits a youngers hearing.

Wood

his Elegies.

Woo'd thou had'st had in Court but halfe that skill,
As here thou hast with thy obezant sheepe;
T haue scene, the strictnes of a Ladies will,
And how vnmou'd she doth hir fauor keepe:
T haue knowne the hardship of a Louers ill,
And what a wretchednes it is to weepe:
And I had kept thy pastures as mine owne,
No life too base where better is vnknowne.

Then had'st thou scene faire *Muridellae* eyes,
The dangerous planets of my ripening youth;
Thou shoud'st haue knowne how beautifull, how wise
My Lady was: Perhaps vnto thy ruth
Thou should'st ha' knowne, more then thou can'st deuise
Of that deare Girle, and yet no more then truth:
For he that mounts the high'st degree of hie,
In praising of her Beautie, cannot lie.

But he that sai's the mercy of hir minde,
Is like the grace of hir admired blee;
He might doe well to bridle in that winde,
Vntill his fortune were to speake with me:
Lesse it be one, to whom sh' ha's beene more kinde,
Then to my true affection she cou'd be:
And then I thanke him to commend hir hart,
For the best Loue deserues the best report.

Yet shalt thou thinke, that that deare truth I beare,
To that faire Sight that first subdude mine eie,
Shall say the best, although she be not here,
To see how woe, how discontent am I,
That when henceforth it comes vnto hir eare,
That I speake wonders of hir Curtesie:
She may recall me with a gracious minde,
For praising of hir when she was vnkinde.

B

And

Bas

And if it euer be thy hap to view
Her on this greene, where thou inhabitest,
First, for my sake, salute her to the shoo,
And tell hir with so solemne a protest,
That her poore seruant, and hir only true,
Doth liue that life, that she with hate disblest:
How, where, and in what sorrow, let her know,
She loues to heare, though not to helpe my woe.

Shat know her by that bright and curious brow,
Where Loue in his eternall triumph sits
Chastising with the warfarre of his bow,
The rumour of desires, the force of wits,
And by her eyes, and other glories moe,
That first in me wrought these rebellious fits:
But (to be short) if thou a thousand see,
Looke which is fairest, and be sure that's shee.

Hir hand (if thou hir hand canst naked see
From those blest muffes that guard their blisfull whitenes,
Is like that gripe that *Alpheus* maz'd to see,
Place *Areshusa* in perpetuall brightnes,
And by her foote these plaines shall blessed bee,
Vnles the ground relent not at her lightnes:
Hir substance is so girt in slender finenes,
That nothing's heauy, but hir owne vnkindenes.

But that thou mayst belieue she is a creature,
As hardly else thou mout'st conceiue the same,
I tell thee shall: when that Creatres nature
Once set a Princely webbe into her frame,
And was about to loome her sacred feature,
Tis sed, that in the while *Minerva* came,
Who by enquirie faine would vnderstand,
What blessed body now she had in hand.

his Elegies.

Nature, for then, no otherwise inclinde,
In thought but to obezant curtesie,
Freely acquaints the goddes of hir minde,
And humbly craues hir gracious remedie,
In such defects, as may hir wisedome finde
In this new portion of hir hufwifery,
Or if at least there might no fault bee had,
Yet, that she would some more perfection adde.

For truth she said, that whensoe're she might
Once bring to good this Idoll that she wrought,
She would present it to the gracious sight
Of hir owne selfe, (for so she had bethought)
And since hir comming now fell out so right,
The larger was her hope, that she had brought
Some ornamentall grace, whose large infusing
Might make it fit the gift, and worth the chusing.

Then *Pallas* tooke into her owne embrace,
This curious Plot that Nature was about,
Hauing no meanes to worke into hir face,
This bloud that glorifies hir shape without,
Nor could of *Venus* borrow any grace,
Cause they alate had sharpely fallen out,
Therefore bids Nature for some beautie goe:
High hearts disdain the kindenes of the foe.

Meane while from th'issue of that sacred vaine,
That her whole selfe with wits abundance fills,
She freely powres into this Infants braine,
By hony drops, and plentifull distills
That puissant conceit that now doth raigne
Ouer herselfe, her Loue, her Louers ills:
Yet by this gift hir selfe no lesse cou'd haue,
She gaue hir selfe what to her owne she gaue.

Bas

Two siluer cuppes then drew she from her brest,
The one of Spirit and hauty influence,
The other filld with maydenly Protest
Of Chastities diuineſt continence,
Some drops whereof she in this hart impreſt,
Therein to double Natures excellence:
But chiefly in theſe heau'nly honours three,
Of Wiſedome, Puiſſance, and Chastitie.

Yet haſt thou leaue to thinke, and ſo doe I,
(Vnleſſe my thoughts ſhould ſinne in thinking ſo,) *That Ioues*
That *Ioues* wiſe daughter did not meane hereby,
That both theſe gifts ſhould be alike in ſhow:
For if her Chastnes liue perpetually,
As does hir ſpirit, *Ananders* cake were drow,
Though neuer gift deſcended from aboue,
Of greater honeſty then honeſt Loue.

Then neither is her labour vainely ſpent,
Nor yet her gifts in idlenes defray'd,
If *Amiridella* with true loue content
Anander, in encreaſing Loues decay'd,
For why doth ciuill curteſie conſent
The marri'd wiſe to goe aboue the mayde?
Be cauſe the Life by Loue is doubly grac'de,
And to be wed, is more then to be chaſte.

This, while the buſie dame in eager poſt,
Comes home to ſee how faire hir worke went on,
And from an Iuory boxe of wonders coſt,
That friendly *Venus* had beſtowed vpon
Her, for her Infant ſake, began to caſt,
With greater art then was in *Belus* ſon,
That red and white: thus in hir beauties making,
Nature and heau'ns themſelues were alpertaking.

And

his Elegies.

And this is it that holdes in Loue and Muse,
The two blacke circles of my conquer'd sight,
What wondrous cunning Nature seem'd to vse,
In placing of this mingled faire so right,
And what a skill she shewed when she did chuse
So red a crimson, and so white a white,
O heau'ns (sed I) what gifts were Beauties Peeres,
If it might neuer beeneyclad in yeares?

Thus, or as like to thus, as I can say,
The youth concluding his teare-liquored vaine,
Leaues my vnletter'd thoughts to beare away,
Both what he said, and what he wood ha faine;
And though I want his grieve, yet sure I may
Well ground vpon his passionate complaine,
His Loue was faire, and blest in euery lim,
With no default, but that she lou'd not him.

My youngling wit amuzed at the hearing
Of that her dayes had no conuersement in,
Like a new-fielded souldier, wanting chearing,
Stands all astoni'd, two conceits betwin,
Whether I mote with small or no forbearing,
Burden some disobedience vpon him.
Or shou'd in verdict of dispraises tuch
Her whom himselfe durst dispraise too much.

If you (quoth I) haue neuer yet misdone,
To their faire Lady more then I can deeme
In these your words: By heau'n, and by this Sunne,
Your Seruice should deserue a more esteeme.
But if (alas) your selfe y haue ouer-run
In things to her that mote vngratefull seeme,
Grudge not a sharpe reuwardance of the same,
Men must doe well that wou'd enioy good name.

Bas

With this, about to aske him somewhat more,
With hasty answer, and a hearty oth,
He clips my speech: and said, and vow'd, and swore,
No spot of guilt in his attaintles troth:
But as t is now, so euer heretofore:
Quoth I, the better, for I would be loth:
Though now I aske you as t is fit he shu'd,
Well know your ill, that must procure your good.

Yet did my soule within it selfe y. doubt,
No vnderfuings in his noble heart,
Though I (for reasons sake,) mote go about,
To shew him that I fear'd some vnderfart:
He mought ha thought me, else, some soothing lout,
Ylearn'd in neither iudgement, nor good part,
To discommend hir thoughts, and mourne his fall,
Without examining the cause of all.

Yet speake no further of thy chaunce, said I,
A single cause wou'd haue a single telling,
But griefes discourse, hopes mortall enemy,
Tat s his preuailing in his oft reuealing,
O giue me leaue, saith he, to balme mine eie,
And let those teares that hurt it giue it healing!
For since hir loues are not dispoide to granting,
Poore helps are welcome, when the best are wanting.

These teares shall witnes (when he wept indeed,)
How neere vnto my soule hir enuy crept;
How much my hart doth hir owne substance bleed,
In fresh remembrance of what vowes I kept.
And in what hate that Lady did exceed,
That threw me downe to this (and still he wept)
O thing for euer to be vnforgot,
Vntill she loues me, as she loues me not.

My

his Elegies.

My flocks this while that saw their maisters cie,
Peru'd in things, vntutching their estate;
Ywended to a neighbors seu'ral nie,
That for faire feed was mounded in alate:
Where lest they shou'd too much offendingly,
Ore-ramp the grasse, and get the owners hate:
I crau'd his name, and leaue away to go,
No shame to part, when need compelles thereto.

My name tho now it may a causer be,
Of too long memory of a man forlorne;
Is called *Anander* of the Court (quoth he)
Though neuer Country-man abid more scorne:
Yet keep it as thy heardlam close to thee,
That no day heare it, but that blessed morne,
Wherein that angell of my good and ill,
Salutes thy flocks, and thee, vpon this hill.

Then tell hir when she giues thee hir good morrow,
That thou alate didst see *Anander* here;
And then speake teares of my vnfained sorrow,
Or speake vnfained sorrow of my teares:
And when she doth some light occasion borrow,
Of other reasons to employ hir eares:
Seeme thou as if thou didst not vnderstand hir,
And mixe thy speeches with distrest *Anander*.

If she dispraise or praise thy wanton flocke,
Tell thou hir that *Anander* did so too;
If brode the field, she for some mate doth looke,
Anander, (tell hir,) thus did looke for you,
And let remembrance worke some better lucke,
For sure I am, more harme it cannot do,
And sometimes absence do's ingender Passion,
By giuing leasure to consideration.

So

Bas

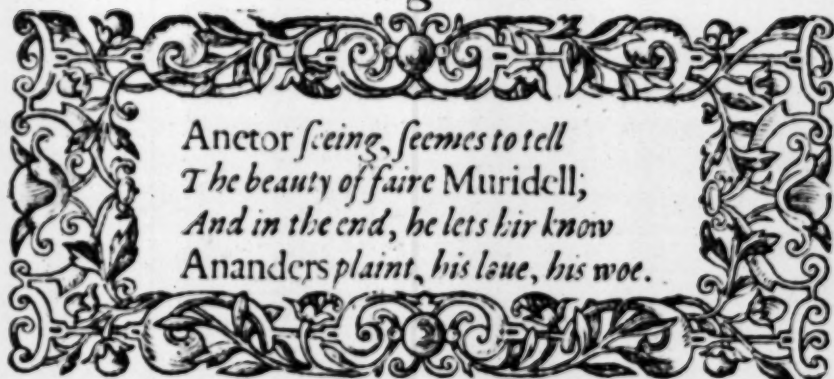
So hie thee to thy sheep (good Shepheard boy:)
But stay (O) first enrich me with thy name,
Anetor of the Field, (Sir) did I say,
Though (vnderstand yee) I am not the same:
That in amendall of the woolues annoy,
That mighty voyage vnto *Peleus* came:
Anetor he, and I *Anetor* am,
But he seru'd *Peleus*, I as good a man.

Discourses ended: 't was now time a day
For him to ride, and for my selfe to wander,
Such causes call vs both, we cannot stay,
His dear's at Court, and my deere flockes be yonder:
And all our part no more but this to say,
Farewell *Anetor*, and farewell *Anander*:
Saue that in our farewelles, this wish we moue,
Me to recall my Flocks, and he his Loue.

Ele-



Elegie II.



Anetor seeing, seemes to tell
The beauty of faire Muridell;
And in the end, he lets hir know
Ananders plaint, his laue, his woe.

WHen Ianuere in's one and thirtith age,
Had late embrac'd the wintring Feuerill,
And March departed with his windy rage,
Presented time with honny'd April,
And Shepheards to their lasses layd to gage
The yellow Cowslip, and the Daffadill:
When flocks gan to be lusty, lambes to skip,
That ioy'd the well yscape of Winters nip.

The dayes were wealthie in a greater store,
Of temp'rate minutes, and of calmer weather,
The Welkin blast was milder then before,
The winde and Sunne was blended so together,
The spready Beech, and dangling Sycomores
Were clad in tender leaues and shady shiuer,
Where was by Sheapheards toyle, and Shepheards wit,
Banks vnder-set, for Nymphes to vnder-sit.

Morne-walking Feiries, halfe gods of the woods,
Trip through the plenty of our flowery plots,
Gracing our Medowes, hallowing our floods,
With wholesome blessings to our glad some flocks:
Chearing their colours, chearing of their bloods,
Their milky vdders, and their milke-white locks;
All ioy the lib'rall sweetenes of the aire,
Beauty's renewed, and all things now looke faire.

C

No. v

Bas

Now *Proserpine* besets her comely locks,
With such perfumes as *Aetnaes* woods can yeeld,
And *Ceres* with hir rolle and weeding hookes,
Betrimms the Infant huswifery of her field,
And *Ocean* calls in his immounded brookes;
From spoyling where *Triptolemus* hath til'd,
Our master *Pan* seekes *Syrinx* in the reedes,
Poynts out our Pastures, and diuides our feedes.

This sacred Time inuited to the hill,
This hill where I my louing Lambes do feede,
That comely mistris of vnhappy will,
In whom that Court'ers comforts first did breed,
Though with vnkinde succession of that ill,
That wrought by hir: in him did more exceed:
The Infant Spring breath'd out his youthfull aire,
A gratefull thing to Ladies yong and faire.

Now as mine eyes did stretch their curious looke,
Ouer the spreading heardlam of my worth,
Eu'n from that king the formost of my troupe,
That beares the ringing triumph of their mirth,
Vnto that poorest Lambe that seemes to droope
Through weaknes, youth, and latternes of birth,
With many blessings to my wandring flocke,
And wishes of amendance to their stocke.

I might afarre discerne a princely crew,
Of twenty Ladies, (peraventure more)
A hie on yonder greene where dayes grew,
And sommers mistresse kept her flowers in store,
Too heau'nly prospect for so poore a view,
And yet a case in vulgar fence forbore,
The eyes themselues haue euer bene thus free,
What things must needs be seene, they must needs see.

No

his Elegies.

No man at all to guard this lovely traine,
Where Peeres and Princes might haue guardants beene,
Saue one faire youth of a pure modest graine,
That neuer yet desirous dayes had seene,
Nor neuer greater thoughts besieged his braine,
Then what belongs to one of seuentene,
Brought vp a purpose for this mayden taske,
One that would shame to loue, and blush to aske.

And by his nouice lookes, and childish grace,
Cast on himselfe wherein was all his glory,
I saw he made a poorer vse on's place
Then wou'd that worthy causer of my Story:
That sober sad *Anander*, if in case
His *Muridella* were not peremptory:
Who now that grace, that fauour, and that ioy,
That longs vnto her man, she giues hir boy.

This feate yong stripling, guided by the will
And wandring finger of his Ladies hand,
Thus leades his blessed Army o're the hill,
Yet not where he list, but where they command,
A thing that taught me one faire point of skill,
That my rude dayes yet did not vnderstand,
The last may haue the first in seruile drede,
And some are led, although they seeme to leade.

And as they stood aloofe beyond my heard,
Marking the homely ioyes of them and mee,
With many curteous smiles, and much good word,
To their encrease, and my prosperitie:
To quittance all the graces they affoord,
I wend aside, where I vnseene may see
These walking Saints, and giue them secret praise,
Since tis not good to stand in sight and gase.

Bas

And as I note their faces, iudge their yeares,
Compare their Beauties to discerne the best;
One saw I gone, betwixt two women peares,
Two gentles, Lady-like, and maides profest:
Who, by your leaue, if she had not beene there,
That for hir state their seruices possesse:
For comelines and beauty might haue got,
The vndissembled verdict of my thought.

But she, whose Armes were folded vp in theirs,
(Three gracefull fadams twisted all in one,
Like *Pallas* led twixt *Iunos* hand and *Ceres*,
Where nothing but the midst is look't vpon:
So rich yclad in beauties pomp appears,
Besides the wonders cost she had put on:
That when I look't vpon no more but she,
I cou'd ha wisht, ther had beene no more to see.

But O! what eye can be contented in
So straight a compasse, or so small a round?
But that some sparkle of his sight, shall sinne,
In glauncing here, or there, or vp, or downe:
So did these dazeled circles neuer linne
To looke on all, till they the fairest found:
Then fixe themselves, still to behold the best,
Some peeuisht light wou'd swarue and see the rest.

On cloudy fullen implement of blacke,
Ycald a maske, or some such hideous name;
Vpon hir face: whether it was for lacke
Of things more fit, more gracefull then the same:
Or whether careles might she be to take
A vesture that the place so ill became,
I wot not: But in conscience, God forbid,
That things so worthy sight should e're be hid.

This

his Elegies.

This enuious visard; glories needles Iaile,
Deformed enemy of Beauties praise;
This new-inuented Night, that so doth vaile,
The mingled looks of Natures holy-dayes:
This artificiall Morphew, that assailes
The seemely obiect of our mortall ioyes:
This cloud, this face-case, this attire of Chance,
This ougly outside of a countenance.

Did thus, as in despightfull bondage hold,
The wondrous feature of so blest a looke,
Till beautie snuffing to be so control'd,
Nor wou'd her slaue to be hir mistresse brooke:
This strange garment aboue hir browe did fold,
And thereby hir deserued freedome tooke,
And as in taske I kept mine eyes to see,
If she so beaut'ous might as comely bee.

Like to *Queene Morning* when she fresh appear'd,
To *Cephalus* vpon th' *Hymetian* hill,
Or *Wisdomes*, when she lookt from skie, and rear'd,
The bar'rous kin that did each other kill:
Or smiling *Lone*, when in hir armes she chear'd,
That beauteous youngling that the Bore did kill:
So look't she out to giue hir eies such scope,
As *Appias* do's when heauens windowes ope.

How blessed are you flocks and fieldes (quoth I)
To be perus'd with such Immortall view?
How can thou but excell in Iolitie,
When fairer sight then heau'n doth visit you?
Yet did I speake these words but whisperingly,
As one that had not mate to tell them to:
With eager grieve that I had none with me,
To sooth me in the praise of that I see.

Bas

Like to some banke, whose grounds of Lillies white
Was here and there with roses inter-set;
Empaled in with flowers of faire delight,
As if *Cibele* were in *Floraes* debt:
And to incurre more wonder to the sight,
Fronted with veines of Azure violet:
So did she seeme, if I may like a face
So excellent, vnto a thing so base.

But how much do I weaken and depriue,
Those honours great that in hir greatnes are,
When like my selfe, fond shepheard, I do strue
To bring such beautie into rude compare:
Knowing full well, that nothing is aliue
That mought be reckon'd like to one so faire:
Yet pardon Beauty, me vnskilfull wight,
That wrong thee, in desire to do thee right.

So long bewitched with this mateles hiew,
Of th' unbeguiling beautie of hir face,
Mine earnest eies with teares at length withdrew,
And wandring, wonder at another grace,
That in hir necke and bosome was to view,
That ioyned plot, that admirable place:
And while to maze at that I had desier,
Contentles sight woo'd still be gasing hier.

So long as yet I haue the keeper bin,
Of these faire meades (starres be my witnes true)
No Winters snow that euer fell therein,
Or summers Affodill that euer grew:
Passed the Natiue whitenes of her skin,
So mixt with bashfull red and vaynie blue:
Yet dare I brag, that neuer shepheard moe,
Saw fairer flowres then I, or whiter snow.

his Elegies.

O creature blessed mot'st thou neuer die,
For if thou should'st with mortalls breathe thy last,
Where finde we Pearle to fashion such an eye,
Or whither shall we send for Aliblast',
Or seeke for Iuory of so white a die?
Wherein thy Bosom's Picture may be cast,
When thy names highnes, and thy beauties newnes,
Should be sepulchred in the truest truenes.

This Bosome is Lones owne delightfull walke,
When comming from hir eye, his princely nest,
He wanders downe to dally and to talke
With Chastitie that dwelleth in hir brest:
Where, like a Lambe vpon a bed of chalke,
Lies downe, and whites himselfe and takes his rest,
The Iourney is so delicate, vpon
The way twixt his, and hir pavilion.

Then comes he to that double-fronted place,
The temple of a chaste and prudent feare,
In whose bright out-side he beholds hir face,
As if Loue asked here, and answerd there,
But the beguiled boy's in no such grace,
As for *Ananders* sake I wish he were:
Tho leaue him there, and I the while be telling
This brest, of Chastitie the sumptuous dwelling.

It is as cleere as is the finest glasse,
And men would thinke it easie to be broken,
But when the violence of intreat wou'd passe,
The substance doth no brittlenes betoken:
But still it stands as close and firme as brasse,
Yet is so pure, that one wou'd iudge it open,
And by this day (forgiue me heau'ns to sweare,)
Those that disdain to loue, why are they faire?

Anan-

Bas

Anander (oh) that thou wer't Porter here,
To walke the entrance of this Castle dore;
And I the Vicar of thine office were,
When thou bee'st feeble, and can toile no more:
But let me blush, I was too sawcie there,
Yet in thy quarraile, dare I say therefore:
Faire is the Portall, but the house is hate,
Poorest the Almes, though purest is the gate.

Before this gate there are two fountaines built,
Of ycie Criltall and of Diamond,
Whose Cisternes siluer be, whose Conduits gilt,
And in them sweeter wines then Nectar stond:
Yet neuer was (they say) one spoonfull spilt,
Nor neuer any drop that from them run d:
Nor neuer shall, till th'are vnlock't below,
But who doth keep the key therof, God know.

Ofi hath *Anander* in Loues likenes shot
His hardy shaftes against this Castle great,
Where, though he made frank warre and battry hot,
The end of all was euer meere retreat:
That I say this in ieasting thinke ye not,
Farre is from me the wanton of conceit,
Punish me heauens, if I meane nought,
More then his earnest loue, and hir chaste thought.

Next to her brest, that faire and beauteous strond,
(Describe I now by guesse, and not by sight)
That white empaled walke, that spacy laund,
That smooth, and milky high-way of delight,
Where the same Loue walks at his owne commaund
To make experience lower of his might:
Whenas himselfe vnworthily hath borne,
From hir hard brest, this great repulse of scorne.

But

his Elegies.

But in the midst, or neere the lower end
Of this faire belly-walke, a marke is set,
And further then the same he may not wend,
Where want of liberty doth make him fret,
And where he may not come, his shafts doth send;
But where they light was neuer heard on yet,
For if they did, it would quickly be appearant,
For where Loue woundeth, Loue is like to heare on't.

Nature hirselfe did set that limit there,
To curb young *Cupids* freakish Infancy,
As often as his boyship durst come neere,
Or enter his assault so sawcily,
Vpon the hidden blis of that place, where
Hirselfe doth liue in secret secrecy,
And yet there is no doubt, but Loue shall dwell
Hereafter there, if he please Nature well.

Now sober thought shall silently passe o're,
Without rude language or immodest wrong,
The things that reason euer hath forbore,
Cause they surpasse the eloquence of tongue:
While I pursue the meaner dainties lower,
And so in faire Content I passe along:
For where the eye doth leade, the lips are bold,
But what was neuer scene, must not be told.

When I haue then bethought hir veinie thighne,
Hir smooth and dainty leg, hir handsome knee,
The pillars of this euer-worthy shrine,
Where Chastnes, Beauty, Wit enrooded bee,
Who can perswade me, that hir foot's not fine,
When these adoring eyes the shooe did see,
That for his length, might of the sixes bee,
But sure for bredth, it cou'd be but the three.

D

To

Bas

To tell how faire and straight this vnder-part,
Held vp the rest so bright, and goodly hie;
Would make the heau n-supporting *Atlas* start,
And in a rage let fall the mighty skie:
And whisper to himselfe within his hart,
How base and euerlasting slaue am I,
Whom this eternall drudgery contents,
While meaner props beare fairer elements.

How comely Lord, (me thinks) hir backe was made,
How right hir shoulders to the same were knitt
How excellently both hir sides were laide,
How straight, how long hir armes were, and how fit:
How white hir hand was, and how vndeai'd,
And what faire fingers ioyned were to it:
How delicately euery limme was plac't,
And euery member by another grac't.

No painter that did euer pensill dip,
In oryent Russet or in sable dyes;
Ha's pow'r to match the rednes of hir lip,
Or the three-colour'd harts-ease of hir eie:
Pygmalion at her cheekes and chin wou'd trip,
And at hir browes would blush and looke awry:
And for hir Nose, Nature would doe as much,
For heauen and earth yields not another such.

A wounden wreathe she had of Baies and Firre,
That had y'clipt hir formost locks in greene;
Whose trembling Leafe the mildest blast would stirre,
Vnlesse the winde had much forbearfull beene:
And for hir haire, except you look on hir,
I'm sure there is no more such to be seene:
And all hir head was dressed in that haire,
So might it best, no dressing is so faire.

Hir

his Elegies.

Hir band about hir necke was plaine y'spread,
Withouten doubles, fettes, but falling flat;
And all vpon it, wrought in golden thread,
Roses, vines, pances, and I wot not what:
A curled locke descending from hir head,
Hung on her shoulder, partly hiding that:
On hir left shoulder: Shoulders that do beare,
Something: what? Nothing, but the things they weare.

She wore withall a Tyrian mantle, made
Of silken yerne, with strippe of siluer mixt;
Of the same webbe that young *Appollo* had;
For certainly went but the sheares betwixt:
Hir vpper part was in a Doublet clad,
Wrought o're with cloudes, and golden planets fixt:
And skirted like a man, but that before
Hir buttons, and hir girdle, came much lower.

Hir buttons were great store, and very small,
In colours like vnto hir doublet wrought;
Hir Belt was finer geare, but yet withall,
As semblant to the rest as might be thought:
Saue that it was with pearle as round as ball,
With aggets, and with glimfy saphyres fraught:
And all was like hir doublet to hir hand,
Sauing hir cuffes, and they were like hir band.

Hir kirtle was an equall minglement,
Of diuers silks in diuers beauties dide;
And with a tucke it was, that as she went,
Her middle-leg the fringe did scarcely hide:
And to this tucke, brode Lace in order spent,
One from another not a finger wide:
And from hir ankle to hir knee did rise,
Gamashaes of the best of *Iasons* prise.

Bas

Of silken greene hir nether stocks were knit,
One of her garters cou'd I hardly see,
For she aboute the ioynt had twisted it,
Yet seem'd it like to that below the knee,
Because I saw the endes were sembled fit,
With broydery as like as like might bee:
Hir shooe was lowe, because she did desie,
Any aditions to make hir hie.

As I a while was standen in a weare,
In ill conceit of my vnworthy state,
Whether I mote presume to let hir heare
What of hirselfe was told to me so late,
I sodainly might see approaching neere,
A handsome bonny Virgin that did waite
Vpon this Lady: and in hand she led
A milke-white Steede, and richly furnished.

Withouten bashfull dread, or further thought,
I crosse aloofe vnto this comely Maide,
And hauing bid her welcome, as I ought,
And broke into a homely speech, and sayde,
Faie Mistresse you are she that I haue sought,
But certes for no harme, be not afraide
If you a mayde to *Muridelia* be,
Pray tell me, is she here, and which is she?

This Damsell seeming proud and angry too,
Snuffes at my plainenesse, flouts, and walkes awry,
I follow on, and for an answer wooe,
But for my heart I cou'd haue no reply,
What shall it boote me then in vaine to sue,
If thou be thus, what is thy Dame? thought I,
Or mayst thou be, as ancient tales expresse,
A Mayde more dainty then thy Mistresse.

But

his Elegies.

But (yet anon) because she would not stay,
Nor I thinke of her any worse then well,
She threw this minsing Answer in my way,
I am : she's here : that's she, and so farewell.
But which (quoth I) is that you meane I pray,
Whoo then (she sayth) go looke, I will not tell.
With this we part, and both our wayes we keepe,
And she leades on hir Horse, and I my sheepe.

And well I was that I so much cou'd know,
And for the same I gaue hir faire God-speed,
And after that prepaide my selfe to go
To meete with hir whom I shou'd meete indeed,
I meane the Lady that I prayesed so,
The Mistresse of the Mayde and of the Steed?
Ananders goddes and his loue for aye,
My goddes and my Mistresse for to day.

Now look'd I on my selfe what must be don,
And rub'd my garments cleane in euery seame,
My face that long had basked in the Sunne,
I made it handsome in the gentle streame,
I combed my bustled locks, and wipt my shoon,
And made my selfe as tricke as *Polypheme*,
When he first kept his heardlam neere the Sea,
For loue and sake of constant *Galate*.

The gentle Ladies when they did behold
My rude approach, anon began to fleere,
Ether th'occasion was to see me bold,
To venter in a Swaynish guise so neere,
Or else they highly wonderd what I would,
Or what might be the bus'nes I had there,
Yet feared not, for they full well did know,
The Country to the Court was neuer foe.

Bas

The princicke youth, (as I alate did tell,) /
That mand this goodly sort along the hih,
In his pure wisdom thought I did not well,
(Though I had sworne in thought to do no ill:)
And therefore meetes me with a count'nance fell,
And this disdainful question: What's your will?
No harme sweet maister (sed I) but to see,
My Land-lady, if any here be she.

These are the Ladies of the court (quoth he,) /
Whose pleasure is to walke vpon this greene;
Whose honour'd offices and high degree,
Is daily waiting on our Soueraigne Queene:
(And with that word his head vncouer'd he),
And all his youthfull yellow locks were scene:
And I kneeld downe and cride, O heauens so deare!
Preferue hir grace and all her Ladies here.

With that on gentle Lady mong them all,
Partly resolu'd I had some tale to tell;
With becking hand the Image of a call,
Examins what I would, and where I dwell:
Quoth I, my winning is in yonder stall,
And I would speake with beauteous *Muridell*:
All honour be to euery one of you,
But she is whom my message longs vnto.

Whose faire respect in such abundance wrought,
And curtesie did in such sort supplie;
That euery grace, and euery gentle thought,
Did seeme to be assembl'd in hir eie:
When with a piercing smiling glaunce it sought,
The arrand of the homely stander by:
And did inspire the mouing lips to say,
What newes to *Muridella*, (Shepheards boy.)

his Elegies.

If shepheards then may dare to be so bolde
With such estates as yours, I gan to say,
Or if Loues Message may be rudely tolde,
(As better know my betters what it may)
Duty and promise vrge me to vnfolde,
That on this Greene I met vpon a day
Youthfull *Anander*, that in Court doth dwell,
As you well know, if you be *Muridell*.

And that aboue the world he loues you deare,
If be to you vnthought of, or vnknowne,
Once trust my oth vpon it (if I sweare)
Wherin I yet haue bene vntrue to none:
If euer Loues did by the lookes appeare,
Or euer miseries were declar'd by mone,
Anander is as farre in loue with you,
As he on this side death, ha's powre to goe.

But are you sure (she saith) it is to me?
As sure as I am sure y'are *Muridell*:
But are you sure (she sayth) that that was hee,
As sure as I am sure, he loues you well:
But are you sure (she sayth) that I am shee,
That is (quoth I) the thing I least can tell,
But that's the name I'm sure he do's adore,
And shee that owes that name, he honours more.

Be-like (she saith) your message doth pertaine
To *Muridella*: and that's I indeed,
But that those loues and honors that you saine,
And those high thoughts that from his heart proceed
Are none to me it is a lest but vaine,
And let it be no member of your creed:
T'was he, I know't: he loues, I know it too,
But whom he loues, he knowes, not I, nor you.

For

Bas

For thee to sweare what thou hast heard him vow,
Is but the childish error of thy youth;
For me to trust things sworne I wot not how,
Might argue fondnes, lightnes, and vntruch:
And therefore, (Shepherd) what a foole art thou,
To thinke that euery teare proceedes of ruth,
When men that other causes doe lament,
Will burden loue with all their Discontent?

Be thou not then so lightly borne away,
With euery idle tale that men professe;
And looke how much the more of Loues they say,
Be wise inough to credit them the lesse:
For if in sooth they are enclind that way,
Thy pittie do's but adde to their distresse:
But if they doe not meane the things they say,
What foole are you, and what dissemblers they?

Downe halts the beggar when he seekes to moue,
The mistresse of the Almes-house to be kinde;
And craft is sickly when he meanes to proue,
The lib'rall pittie, of the innocent minde,
And light beliefe is but the Ass of Loue,
That beares his oathes before, his mocks behinde:
And neuer trauels with an empty poke,
Vntill all mockes be spent, all oathes be broke.

Mens vowes to vs haue beene of small import,
Since *Ioue* put on *Dianas* moony cap,
And in the louely woods of chaſt diſport,
Opprest *Calisto* with a dire mishap,
Since *Ilian* outlawes came to *Carthage* Court,
And false *Iulus* play'd in *Didoes* lap,
No wily Loues into our hearts shall creepe,
(O word full ill to speake, full hard to keepe.)

his Elegies.

All shamefac'd as I stood at this defence,
With all my wittes astounded in a muse;
I had a suddaine hap to call to fence,
Anander told me how she wou'd excuse
Hir drery hardnes, and vnkind offence,
A thing she so familiarly did vse,
That to a meane and single vnderstander,
The fault of Loue seem'd rather in *Anander*.

Herewith the gentle silence of hir tongue,
Giues more time to my message and his cause;
This feeble answer, from affection strong,
Fild vp the empty minutes of that pause:
Faيرة Lady, mote it please you, do no wrong,
Though for his Loue you guiden all the Lawes:
Nor him offayning, or false oathes condemne,
For sure that hart did neuer harbor them.

To count those voves before me he did take,
To tell the teares that he did lauish here;
To call to minde the praises he did make
Of you his *Muridella*, you his deare:
What griefes, what thoughts, what labors for your sake,
What discontent, what fury he did beare,
Would make me (Lady) more distraught to tell,
Then is the maddest *Enmenis* of hell.

But since the Euening hastes, let all things rest,
Till please it you to meet him on this hill;
That harpy heau'ns may make your hart possesse,
With gentle pittie of *Ananders* ill:
And by a wished change restore him blest,
With *Muridellaes* gentles and good-will:
And if that then the fault in him shalbe,
Let me curse him, and you abandon me.

E

To

Bas

To this request hir greatnes mildely spake,
Much is the Loue *Anander* might haue won,
If other courses he had pleas'd to take,
Then thus abroad haue cry'd himsefse vndon,
And by his open blaines, a Tyrant make
Of me, that wisht him as I wou'd my son,
Though I confesse the loues he would haue had,
I did denie, but not to make him mad.

For let our weakenes as it well hath need,
Resolue it selfe vpon profound aduise,
For when consent is made with too much speed,
Entreating Loue esteemes it of no price:
Such weighty bargaines are not soone agreed:
A substance is too much to play at twice,
The loue's but small that is too yong to know,
That all the hope's not past when wee say no.

But on the day that I him here shall meete,
(The fairest day of all the fairest dayes)
I learne him shal, how to be more discrete
And curteous, in the bruite of my dispraise:
And then (if heau'ns ordaine it not vnmeete)
Vnarmed Loue shall part our lingring fraies,
And where the most vnkindenesse then shall bee,
There the iust sentence shall be giu'n by thee.

For I do know *Anender* young and faire,
And much I thinke, and much I wou'd doe for him,
And that it is my euerlasting care,
That disconsent of loue should neuer marre him:
Witnes thy selfe (yong shepheard boy) that are
The onely iudge to whom I shal referre him,
And so I must be gon the night is neere,
Time stayer no longer at the Court then here.

With

his Elegies.

With that the lightnes of hir nimble foote
Withdrew it selfe into a silent trace,
And all hir veiny limmes consenting to't,
Made a faire turne, and vanisht hence apace,
With all the comely troupe, leaving me mute,
And languisht in the looking of hir face,
While does the aire into mine eares infuse
The message of hir muscicall adewes.

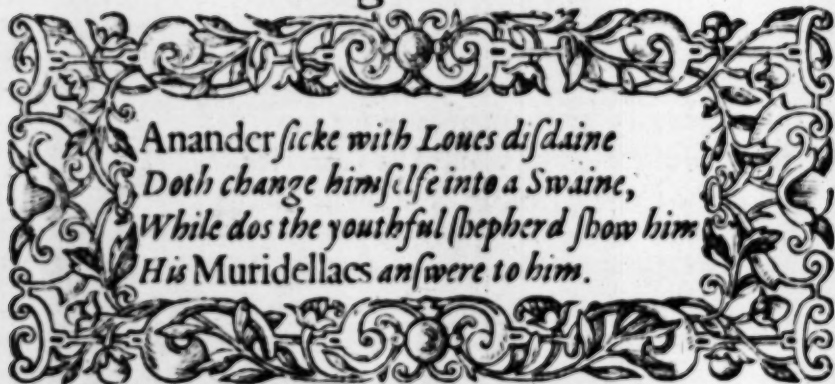


E 2

Elegie



Elegie III.



Anander sicke with Loues disdain
Doth change himselfe into a Swaine,
While dos the youthful shepherd show him
His Muridellacs answere to him.

THe Sunne that had himselfe a Courtier beene,
And for his beautie lou'd of Ladies faire,
Spread forth his yellow beames vpon the greene,
And with attentue eye, and Courtly care,
Flourisht his wandring torch, till he had seene
This troupe arriue the place where now they are:
Which done, he hies him thence, and takes his rest
Behinde the furthest Mountaines of the West.

Blinde drouzie night, all clad in misty ray,
Began to ride along the welkins round,
Hangs out his gazing Lanthornes by the way,
And makes the outside of the world his bound,
The Queene of starres in enuy of the daye,
Throwes the cold shadow of hir eyes to ground,
And supple grasse opprest with heavy dew,
Doth wet the Sheepe, and licke the shepherds shoore.

There as I dwelt there dwelled all my sheepe,
And home we went together, flocks and I,
As euen where I rest, and take my sleepe,
There are my flocks asleepe and resting by,
And when I rise to go to field and keepe,
So will my flocks, that can no longer lie:
Thus in the Sheepe is all the Shepherds care,
And in the Shepherd is the flocks welfare.

While

his Elegies.

While did the yeare let slip his tender Spring,
And merry Moones went merrily away,
I with this happy flocke alone did sing,
And pipe the oaten galliard euery day,
As well content as *Pan* himselfe our King,
With a new Carrol or a Roundelay,
For he (as good a Minstrell as he is)
Couth neuer tune a better Lay then this.

When Shepheards sit vpon the hills,
Nursed in their Swainish wills,
Young, and in desires vnripe,
Curious of the flocke and pipe,
Then is Swaynish life the best,
And he that cares, and loues the lest,
Thinkes he fares aboute the rest.

Then our ioyes beguile our ruthes,
Shepheards boyes, be merry youthes,
Loues do dwell in Courti's beds,
Peace doth twell in Shepheards heads,
Lusts are like our flocks ypent,
Want of age doth barre consent,
Youth doth flourish with content.

But when elder dayes shall show,
Whether Swaines be men or no,
Loue shall rule in shepheards braines,
Grauitie shall guide the swaines.
Wanton thoughts shall then be checkt,
Shepheards shall no playes respect,
Age shall conquer youths defect.

Bas

Sing I then, heigh ho for ioy,
Cause I yet am but a boy,
But when shepheards boyes be men,
Ho my hart, what sing I then?
Heigh-ho, sorrow, loyes away,
Conquering Loue ha's won the Day,
This is all my Roundelay.

Whilome when I was *Collins* loued boy,
(Ah *Collin*, for thee *Collin*, weep I now,)
For thou art dead, ah, that to me didst ioy,
As *Coridon* did to *Alexis* vow.
But (as I sed,) when I was *Collins* boy,
This deare young boy, and yet of yeares inow,
To leade his willing heard along the plaine,
I on his pipe did learne this singing vaine.

And oh, (well mote he now take rest therefore,)
How oft in pray'rs and songs he pray'd and sung,
That I (as had himsele full long before,)
Mought liue a happy sheheard and a young;
And many vowes, and many wishes more,
When he his Pipe into my bosome flung:
And said, though *Collin* ne're shall be surpast,
Be while thou liu'st, as like him as thou maist.

Much was my deare therefore when *Collin* died,
When we (alacke) were both agreed in griepe:
He for his infant swaine that me affide,
Yet happed not to liue to see my priefe.
And I that to his gouernance had tide
My bounden youth, in loosing such a chiefe:
Ah how wou'd he haue sung, and with what grace?
Ananders Loue, and *Muridellies* Face.

He

his Elegies.

He wou'd haue blazed in eternall note,
Ananders Loue and worthy Manlines;
And then recorded with a wondrous throte,
His *Muridellæes* louely worthines,
And by those witching tunes he had by wrote,
Cur'd his Loues grieve with his desires success:
And by his lustie pipe, and pleasing ditty,
Molting hir hearts hardnes with her Loues pittie.

Then mought full well these hils of Shepheards feed,
Beene priuy to loues secret discontent,
And all these quarrels might ha beene agreed
And ended, by a Iudge so reuerent:
For he was letter'd well, and well couth reed,
And was a swaine profound and eloquent,
But now is left of him but bare report,
And I in fields, must sing the Loues in Court.

Anander now whose loues did waxe in age,
So as they did in greatnes and in wait,
Sometimes bursts out into disbanded rage.
And cloy's his eager heart on Passions bait:
Sometimes the swelling minde begins to swage,
And slender hopes appeare, but vanish strait,
And Griefe drawes out the Anticks of his care,
Vpon his face, his bosome, and his haire.

Poore gentle youth, as yet a man vnwitting,
With that true truth, his arrand I had sed,
And with what milde respect, and hopefull pittying,
The answers of his loue were answered:
Liues wide from sumptuous Court, as one more sitting,
To throwd pale sicknes in a country bed:
And sometimes (though the space was farre between)
Casts his long looks, where his long Loues had been.

Bas

At length, what forc't by Loue, what by good-will,
Loue that he bore to hir, good-will to me;
It pleas'd him once more to salute this hill,
And me, and these my flocks that weakned be
For want of care and shepheards wary skill,
That for this while couth neuer well o're-see
Their fickle state, so greatly did me stir,
The woe for him, the wondering at hir.

A weeping face (at first) I durst not shew him,
Lest he should swoond in weening ill successe;
Nor wou'd I smile when I at first did view him,
Lest he shou'd dreame of greatest happinesse:
But look't as I look't when first I knew him,
Withouten change of feature, more or lesse:
So that my Count'nance cou'd him not disclose,
Great cause of ioyes, or greater meanes of woes.

Now while the action of his hand and foot,
Daunc't out the measures of his courtly greetings
And I in silent bowes, and grosse salute,
Doubl'd the curteous Congees of our meeting:
His gentle heart fed with no other fruite,
But griefes sowre Plumme, and Passions bitter-sweeting:
Sends to the mouth the sighes that she had broken,
Where being shap't in words, they were thus spoken.

Sith is no doubt (young curteous boy) but thou,
Hast seene my Loue vpon this gladsome plaine;
Therefore declare my doome vnto me now,
Declare thou happy, or vnhappy swaine:
Tell me what *Muridella* said, and how
Thou lik'st her speech, hir beauty, and hir traine:
Powre out hir praise to me with such a tongue,
As vnto hir thou didst my loue and wrong.

Say,

his Elegies.

Say, what she fed to thee, what to thy flocke,
What vnto me, and what vnto my Loue,
Say: did she pittie me, or did she mocke,
Or challenge witnes of the heau'ns aboue?
At what time came she, and at what a clocke
Went she away? for loue of mighty *Ioue*
Tell me deere youth: and if my hopes succeed,
Ile crowne thy kindenes with a lib'ral deed.

For now my life stands on the crazie point
Of tott'ring hope, and feeble expectation:
Doubt trembles Agew-like in eu'ry ioynt,
And feare assaults with threats of desolation:
And now, vnles the balmes of comfort noint,
I die the luckelest man of all our nation:
Therefore discourse the fortunes of that day,
And at that word I thus began to say,

That I this Lady faire haue scene and met,
Know wel mine eyes that were my arrands guide,
Out of whose circles is not vanisht yet
The Image of that beauty that they ey'd,
And that I told your loues and passions great
Shall by the iudgement of your selfe be try'd,
When lips vnlearned motion shal present you,
With such a luke-warme answere as she sent you.

But first if you were not so farre in dote,
As that (O starres) you cou'd not iealous be,
Wonder would make me digresse, and quote
Your answer, with the praise of blessed shee:
But at more leasure will I sing that note,
When in the vallies I alone shall bee.
Meane while (faire Knight) I will declare together,
Your Ladies speech and my aduenture with hir.

F

At

Bas

At first, a comely Virgin groom that met me,
For fauour to my tale I did beseech,
Who for a rude young Shepheard did outset me,
And with an answer of short carelesse speech
Runne from my earnest plaints, and scarce wou'd let me
Take knowledge, who was *Muridell*, and which:
And seeing then so little vexed hir maide,
I thought that nothing might to hir be saide.

At length a youth that led them o're the plaine,
A faire yong boy, of modest age and looke,
Clad in a silken garment di'd in graine,
As Greene of hiew as *Neptunes* tidy brooke,
And a Greene velvet cap of the same staine,
Wherein a plume of curled feathers stoode,
And round about his skirt, in seemly grace,
Thirteene bright circles made of siluer lace.

As it befell: this white-cheek'd youth and I,
Instead of bearding, chin'd at one another;
He, like a haughty spirit, obseruingly
Wou'd needs know what I go about, and whither,
I, in pure meekenesse, and in simplicity,
Leg'd him a faire excuse (sir) and no other,
While thus we both our wordy combat breake,
She gently heard me, and she bade me speake.

And what I said full well to you is knowne,
Whose loue did lesson it to me before:
Vnles your thoughts cannot containe their owne,
Or memory let fall hir chiefeſt ſtore,
That is; the teares, the pray'rs, the prayſe, the mone,
That your great griefe vpon my lips did ſcore,
And therefore read the halfe my meſſage there,
And from my mouth the other halfe did beare.

She

his Elegies.

She in milde termes repli'd, she wonderd much
That that faire knight shou'd bene so louely ill,
Sith she ne're knew that his desires were such
As to complaine the stiffnes of hir will.
And to be plaine, and giue the neereft tuch,
Of that she vtter'd here vpon this hill,
She sed, some beautie had your loues ywon,
But loues to her were neither meant nor don.

Sometimes in sooth, (she couth it not deny.)
You wou'd in courtly dalliance, and in iest,
Discourse of your owne loues full amorously,
With much faire promises, and large protest,
And she hirselfe in sober contrary,
Would answere as you aske, and bid you rest:
But that for hir, you did so deerely pine,
She neuer thought it, by that Sun that shine.

Thou knowst (saith he) if youth débarré thee not,
That not in man can such dissemblance liue,
As faine himselfe vn-sufferably hot,
Whenas his handes like melting yce forgiue,
Nor can yshroud himselfe in carelesse blot,
When in his thoughts the pangs of sorrowes grieue,
And that my Loues haue had time and appearing,
Be iudge thy youth, that giues me gentle hearing.

When first my youth was in that ages odnesse,
That lacks the three bare twelue months of a score,
Loue was a suckling then in infant gladnesse,
And onely liu'd on dalliance, and no more,
The eighteenth was the first yeare of his madnesse,
And greater were his randone then before:
The nineteenth yeare he silently befell
In single choyce of beauteous *Muridell*.

Bas

The twentieth did I waste away in vtring,
All that the yeare before I had fore-thought,
And this last tweluemonth is neere gone in suffring,
The hard succeeding that my vtrance wrought;
If the next yield the like discomforting,
In such defects as sufferance hath brought:
The next to that is like to end in me,
Loues long sixe yeares with Lifes short twenty-three.

Meane while, if thou fearst not the fellowship
Of lingring Loues infectious languishment,
In these delicious meades I will o're-slip,
The wearisome discourse of discontent:
And in a shepheards humble out-side, clip
My drouped Noblenesse, and liue vnkent:
And vnrespected on the loanly hilles,
Till either Loue or Death conclude my illes.

My deare vnkind, that in the wanton Court
This while doth liue, admired and obaid,
Shall bide the blame of desperate report,
From the grieu'd *Nemesis* of a minde decaid:
Where let hir liue to dally and disport,
In selfe loues riuer with hie beauties shade:
Vntill the louely Lilly of hir looke,
Become the lowly Lilly of the brooke.

And those young Lordings that with enuious eies,
Tooke secret watch of my affection to hir,
Shall now haue time and liberty to guise
Their bounteous thoughts and gentle lips to woe hir:
And tire out their desiers vnsuffice,
As I the first, first did, when I first knew hir:
Till some more gallants suffer with *Anander*,
The mastery of a feminine commander.

The

his Elegies.

The eares of *Loue* shall then be sicke to heare
The miserable complaint of courtly louers,
Old care shall clothe young loue as gray as freere,
When him with eie-deceiuing Anticks couers:
And men of Court shall dwell with shepheards heere,
And Pallace hawkes shall feast with Meadow plouers,
For thus none-sparing Loue did vanquish me,
That thought my selfe as strong as others be.

Though once I cou'd, when I was weake and young,
(Is't not a wonder worthy three dayes weeping)
Contend in any game and be too strong
For Loue, that now hath all my strength in keeping:
Since in the Flower of Age, I fall along,
Like vnto him that whilome at a meeting
Recoil'd rash wounding Death himself vpon,
When he with *Sol* durst throw the weighty stone.

O *Hyacinth*, how like thy case is mine?
Then from thy ventrous soule that flowrs didst bleed
When proudly that presumptuous arme of thine
Attempted so vnpossible a deede.
I, while with Loue do in like combat ioine,
My courtly wanton turnes a meadow weed:
And shepheards seruants proue we both by that,
I grace his field, and thou dost decke his hat.

So shall this boie, whose eies ne're look't into
The fatall change of our Imperious state:
Be gouernour of those vnhappy twoo,
That in their glory, found their glories date:
He that into a flowre dide long agoe,
He that into a weed chang'd now alate:
He that by *Phabus* dide, by him suruiues:
He that by *Muridella* bu'd, and by hir dies.

Bas

And with this speech, and those dumbe sighes beside,
Wherewith his lights shut vp his woes discourse:
His comely furnithments of courtly pride,
He couers in a shape more homely worse:
And in a swainish Counterfet doth hide
His noble limmes: the ruines of Loues force:
And (O) it was to see a wondrous grace,
So deare a Iewell in so cheape a case.

I meane, saith he, a shepheards life to leade,
So long as Gods my Life a leading giue,
Or till that Lady shall salute this meade,
For whose deare hate I thus am bound to liue:
This wilfull penance put I on my head,
Which none but *Muridella* shall forgiue:
Till when, I liue that life in hope to mend it,
Or else in good-assurance ne're to end it.

If she proue kinde, as she was neuer yet,
(Though she in vertue else was blest)
Then shall be voide the Couenants of this fit,
And ioyes shall lose the knot of strict Protest:
If still she in the like contempt doth sit,
My vowe continues as it is exprest:
Thus I am bound, though she the debt must pay,
And I must forfeit, though she breake the day.

Herewith the youthfull noble-seeming swaine,
Adowne and set himselfe besiden me:
All in the midst of the lightsome plaine,
Where all around wee might our heardlams see;
Withouten signe or shew of nice disdain,
The Shep-hooke in that hand receiued he
That was wont to beare the warlike lance,
And leade the Ladies many a courtly dance.

Thou

his Elegies.

Thou ensigne of poore Life, badge of content,
Staffe of my cares, yet pillar of my blisse,
Cheape relique of that ioie that is dispent,
And chiefe foundation of that ioie that is,
True watchman of those smiles that hopes present,
Strong porter of those griefes that hatred gi's:
Witnes of woes, my hooke, my hope as much,
The Shepheards weapon, and the Louers crutch.

I doe embrace thee, as I once imbrac't
(Saith he) that vertuous mistresse that I had,
When on the easie measure of hir waste,
I in this sort desiringly fell mad.
Though vnto me thou yield'st not such repast,
Nor art so faire, nor art so gayly clad:
Yet looke how much hir beauties passe thy state,
So much thy Company excels hir hate.

Thus did the spirit of *Ananders* eie,
(Whose brightnes care had masked in a dim,)
Pertake with me the life of shepheardie,
As I both Life and Loue pertooke with him.
And vntill she relents, or till we die,
No second fortunes can in vs begin.
All liberties as thankles offers be,
Till Loue that tide him vp, do set him free.

Till heau'ns aboue ordaine one pleasing day,
Wherein that Angel of their iealous care,
That *Muridella* please to come this way,
And with hir foote steps lighter then the aire,
Trip through the dwellings of hir amorous boy,
And chear'd his droup't limmes with embracings faire,
Anetor hath *Ananders* loues in keepe,
And faire *Anander* hath *Anetors* sheepe.

Till

Bas

Till then, yee Gods ordaine vs both good speed,
In Loues and flocks presented to your care,
And when your grace shall stand vs in such steed,
To end a Loues grieve, and do a happy chare:
Ile sacrifice the fairest lambe I feed,
And tune my pipe againe: and then prepare
One Dittie more, wherein the world shall view,
How much you fauour vs, wee honour you.

FINIS.

— Quando vacat, quando est, incunda relatu,
historiam prima repetens ab origine pandam.



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